

VOL. 5 NO. 7

OCTOBER, 1945



THE SHADOW
finds the
CRIME MUSEUM
and begins the
TRAIL OF THE TALON



DALE EVANS. Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

IF YOU CAN DO THIS
STEP — YOU CAN
DANCE IN 5 DAYS



SIMPLE
AS
A.B.C!

Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Check out all of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

* * *

Lovely DALE EVANS Says:
**"IT'S EASY
TO LEARN
DANCING!"**

Dale is Right

...and This Book will Teach
You in 5 Days...or NO COST!

LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS,
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CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT
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This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours — give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

MAKE THIS TEST!

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— I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

The Shadow

VISIT THE
CRIME
MUSEUM



MYSTERY AND MENACE ARE AMUCK IN THE MUSEUM WHERE CRIME HOLDS SWAY!!! HERE THE SHADOW MEETS PROFESSOR MALBONA, C.P.M. (CRIME'S PAST MASTER) WHO IS ABETTED BY THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE CALLED THE HAG...

YET, EVEN MORE INSIDIOUS IS THE HIDDEN CLAW THAT CREEPS INTO SIGHT TO REAP CRIME'S SPOILS...

WATCH FOR THIS IMPENDING TERROR OF THE FUTURE, THE HAND OF THE TALON MONSTER OF CRIME TO COME!!!

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Printed in U.S.A.





BACK AT THE RIFLED JEWELRY STORE, THE POLICE HAVE BAGGED HALF A DOZEN CROOKS, ALL OF WHOM ARE IGNORANT AS TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS CRIME!!!

WE ONLY NABBED THE SMALL FRY, COMMISSIONER,

THE SMART GUYS GOT AWAY WITH THE JEWELS

IT'S THE FIFTH ROBBERY OF THE SORT IN THREE WEEKS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CRANSTON?

ONLY THAT THESE CRIMES ARE NOT SO SUCCESSFUL AS THEY APPEAR...

MEANWHILE, CROOKS ARE HOLDING A SIMILAR PARLEY...

BECAUSE NO MASTER CRIMINAL WOULD SACRIFICE CREW AFTER CREW, UNLESS HIS CAUSE WAS DESPERATE. SOME HIDDEN HAND MUST BE DESPOILING THE CROOKS OF THEIR GAIN!

YOU MEAN THE SHADOW?

HONEST, PROFESSOR, WE DONE OUR BEST!

THE TALON MUST HAVE SWITCHED THEM JEWELS!

THE TALON! BAH! A MERE MYTH! BEGONE WHILE I CONSULT WITH THE HAG!

THIS TALK OF THE TALON IS ALL THE SHADOW'S DOING. HE HAS BLUFFED US TOO LONG

RIGHT YOU ARE, PROFESSOR. NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE!



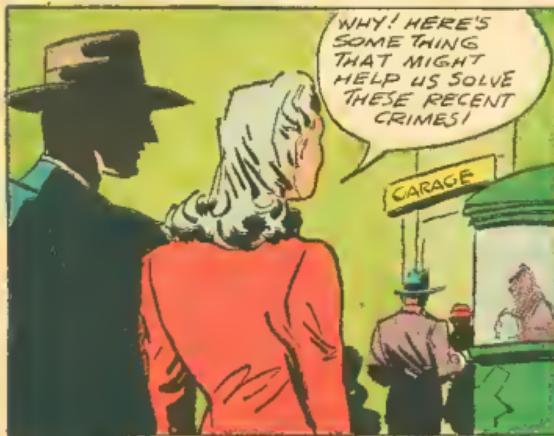
BUT, LAMONT,
CAN THERE
REALLY BE A
HIDDEN
CRIMINAL
CALLED THE
TALON?

YES, BUT HE
IS A LONE
HAND, AS
HIS NAME
INDICATES... A
CROOK'S CROOK
WHO PREYS ON
CRIME ITSELF...

THE
NEXT
DAY

... AND
THEREFORE
THE ONLY WAY
TO FIND HIM IS
TO UNCOVER
HIS VICTIMS

I SEE. WELL,
I'LL SEE YOU
AFTER YOU'VE
GONE THROUGH
THOSE RECORDS.



FAMOUS
ROGUES
GALLERY OF
CELEBRATED
CRIMINALS
IN WAX!!!
PROFESSOR
MALBONA, C.P.M.,
WILL LECTURE
ON THE
HISTORY OF
CRIME.
CURRENT
CRIMES
ANALYZED

OUR EXHIBIT
IS
CHILLING!!
REVOLTING!!
INGENIOUS!!
MORBID!!
EDUCATIONAL!



...AND IMAGINE WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN TO
ANYONE WHO FELL IN
WITH THIS COMPANY
OF VICIOUS CHARACTERS!



WHY, THEY COULD
MAKE TROUBLE
EVEN FOR THE
SHADOW!

IF THEY WERE
ALIVE, MAYBE
THEY COULD!

...AND CONFIDENTIALLY,
THE SHADOW COULD
LEARN MUCH BY STUDYING
THE FACES OF THESE
EXHIBITS!

MAYBE
THE PROF
HAS GOT
SOMETHING
!



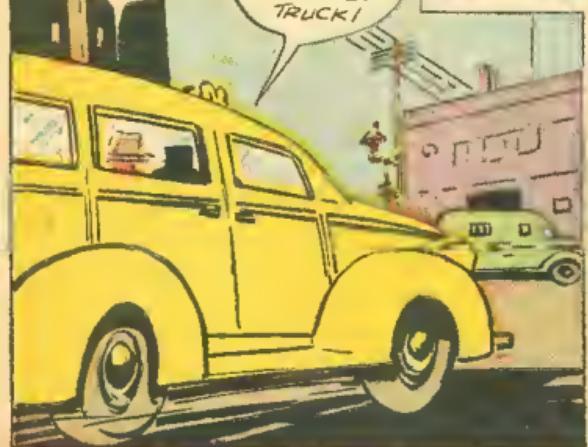
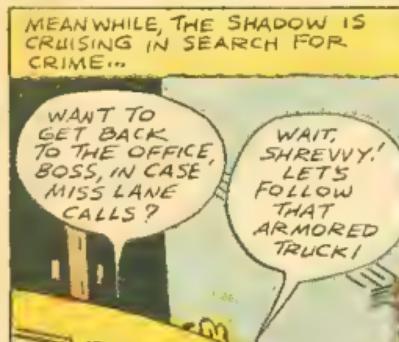
I'M GOING TO
CALL LAMONT
RIGHT NOW
AND TELL
HIM SO!

IN CRANSTON'S OFFICE!

LAMONT? I'M OVER
AT THE CRIME
MUSEUM... WHY...
HE HUNG UP!







BECAUSE THEY NEED AN ARMORED TRUCK TO KEEP THE TALON FROM TAKING WHAT THEY STEAL



AND WITH THAT, CRANSTON, BECOMES THE SHADOW!!



CLANK

AS FOR, INSTANCE, THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR...



KEEP
RIGHT
ON GOING,
SHREVVY!



QUITE A COINCIDENCE, THIS! MAYBE THIS IS THE PLACE I REALLY WANT! NOW TO FIND A WAY INSIDE!

CRIME MUSEUM

OPEN
TOMORR
-NOON



HERE'S THE MAZUMA,
PROF! WE REALLY
FROZE ONTO IT
THIS TIME!

LEAVE IT
ON THE
DESK,
NIXIE

THE CASH WILL BE SAFE
IN THE OFFICE, SO CLIMB
INTO ONE OF THOSE
COSTUMES, NIXIE. I'M
GOING TO PUT ALL OF YOU
WHERE THE POLICE
CAN'T FIND YOU!



COSTUME
ROOM



WHO'S
THE
DAME?

JUST A
GUEST WHO
WAS
OUTGUessed



CLEOPATRA

I HOPE THESE SCALES
DON'T JIGGLE TOO
MUCH!

THE PROF
IS SWITCHING
US FOR THE
WAXWORK
JOBS!

ALL WE GOTTA
DO IS PLAY
DUMMIES IN
CASE THE COPS
SHOW UP!

HEY...
AIN'T
THIS A
NEAT
STUNT!



NERO

JONATHAN
WILDE

CLEOPATRA

JUDGE
BEEFY

EVERYTHING IS
PERFECT. WHEN
THE SHADOW ARRIVES,
HE WILL TRY TO
RESCUE THE
GIRL...

AND BLOW
HIMSELF UP
WITH THE
GIRL AND THE
CREW, LEAVING
ALL THE
CASH FOR
US!



HAVEN'T
WE
MET
BEFORE
?

THE SHADOW! BUT
DON'T TRY TO
RESCUE ME! I'M
PARKED ON
DYNAMITE!



WE'LL SETTLE
THAT! I'LL JUST
PRESS THE SWITCH
THAT PUTS THIS
MERRY-GO-ROUND
IN REVERSE
!

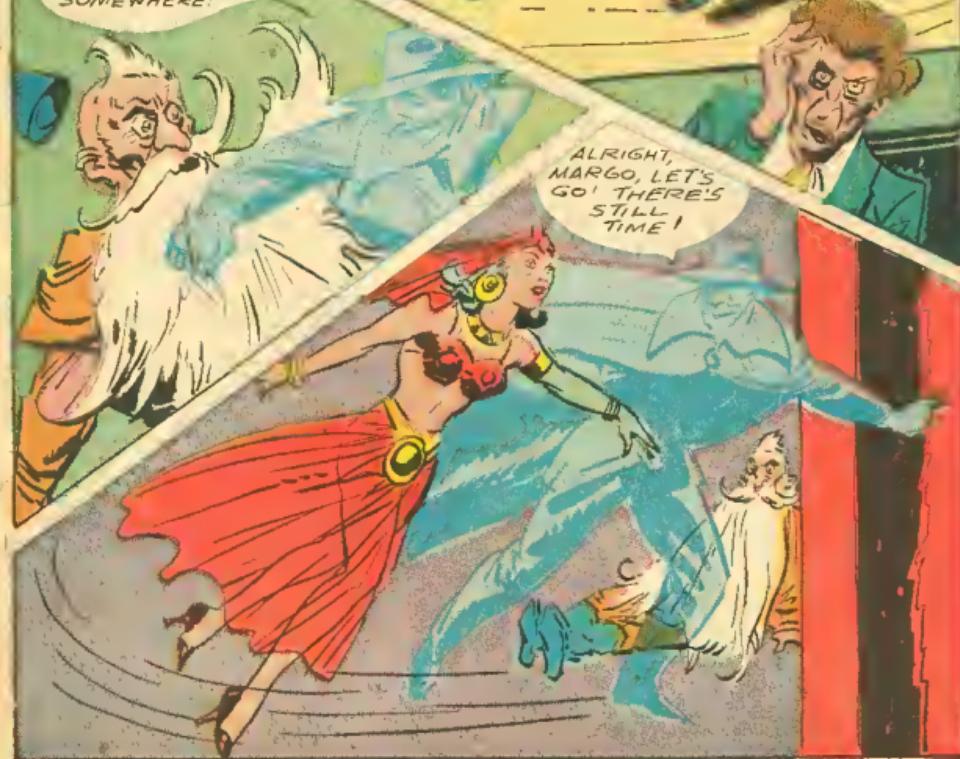


SO THAT'S
THE GAME
THAT PROFESSOR
MALBONA, CRIME'S
PAST MASTER,
IS WORKING
!



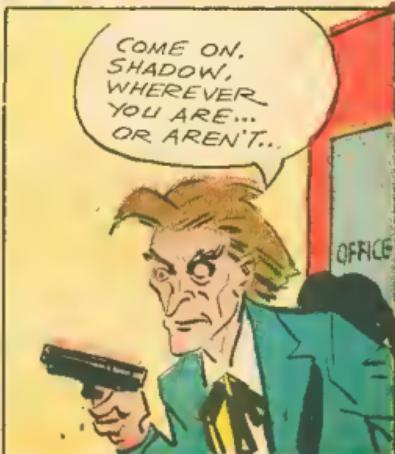
IT'S
THE
SHADOW







ARRIVING BACK IN THE MUSEUM, ROOM WITH MARGO, THE SHADOW HAS BROUGHT THE DUMMY EXHIBIT AROUND TO HIS SIDE, DELIVERING THE LIVING FIGURES AND THEIR EXPLOSIVE PLATFORM BACK TO PROFESSOR MALBONA, C.P.M. !!!



ARRIVING FROM THE MUSEUM ROOM JUST AS THE POLICE COME UP THROUGH THE GARAGE, THE SHADOW SETTLES PROFESSOR MALBONA...

HERE'S WHERE THE CROOKS CAME AFTER THEY DITCHED THAT ARMORED TRUCK!

AND THERE'S THE HEAD MAN! SAY... WHAT CLIPPED HIM BEFORE HE COULD WING US?

THE MONEY... THE...

GONE!

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CASH THE PROFESSOR'S GANG STOLE!

THE HAG MUST HAVE ESCAPED! CAN YOU FIND HER, LAMONT?

PERHAPS BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN TRACKING DOWN THE TALON. THE CROOK NO ONE HAS EVEN SEEN!

HOW TO USE YOUR HANKIE

TO MAKE A

MAGIC BUNNY!

ONE OF BLACKSTONE'S FAVORITE TRICKS WITH PAGES AND PAGES OF OTHER INCREDIBLE FEATURES IN
SUPER-MAGICKIAN COMICS NOW ON SALE

THE STRANGE CASE OF HIROHITO'S DEVIL MEN

THIS IS A CERTIFIED ORIGINAL STORY
BY THORNTON FISHER, BASED ON
FICTIONAL CHARACTERS AND EVENTS,
DESIGNED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT



THE MARRIAGE OF ADNA C. TENNEY TO A WEALTHY FOREIGN WOMAN IN SEPT. 1938, CREATED SOMETHING OF A SENSATION IN THE SOCIAL WORLD — MR. TENNEY HAD LOST EVERY CENT IN THE MARKET CRASH OF 1929 — ONCE AGAIN HE RESUMED HIS PLACE AMONG THE FABULOUS SPENDERS OF HIS SET —



AMONG THE INVITED GUESTS AT HIS FIRST ELABORATE PARTY WAS BING DALGREN — MANY CELEBRITIES WERE PRESENT, INCLUDING NOTABLES FROM WASHINGTON — SLEEK JAPANESE SERVANTS MOVED SOFTLY ABOUT THE FOURTEEN-ROOM APARTMENT —



FIVE DAYS LATER THE BODY OF MIKE MULDOON, A WELL-KNOWN POLICE DETECTIVE OF THE ALIEN SQUAD WAS FOUND FLOATING IN THE EAST RIVER — AN AUTOPSY DISCLOSED THAT MULDOON HAD BEEN STABBED IN THE BACK —



THE ENTIRE CITY WAS AROUSED BECAUSE MULDOON WAS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST SLEUTHS IN THE DEPARTMENT — DALGREN KNEW HIM WELL AND WAS ASSIGNED TO "COVER" THE STORY —



THE MURDERER OR MURDERERS HAD LEFT NO CLUE — EXCEPT THAT THE WEAPON USED WAS LONG ENOUGH TO PIERCE THE BODY, THE BLADE EMERGING FROM THE ABDOMEN IN FRONT —

EDDIE,
WHO MIGHT
HAVE HAD
ANYTHING
AGAINST
MULDOON?

MR. DALGREN, NONE
OF THE TOUGH GUYS
I KNOW EVER MONKIED
AROUND. MULDOON'S
TERRITORY—A LOT OF
FANCY FOREIGNERS HAVE
GOT BUSINESSES ON
THAT BEAT-Y-

KNOW
MULDOON
WAS ON
THE ALIEN
SQUAD—

DALGREN CONSULTED WITH AN EXPERT
IN CRIME, AN EX-CONVICT GONE
STRAIGHT—THIS WAS BING'S OLD
FRIEND AND STOOGE, "HARD EDDIE"—
"HARD EDDIE" CAME UP WITH PART OF
AN IDEA—

I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE A DAY OFF
SOME TIME AND
LOOK JAPAN OVER—
MIGHT MAKE A GOOD
YARN—

JAPANESE TOURS, INC.

VISIT THE
LAND OF THE LOTUS

EXOTIC
JAPAN

日本の花の島

THE POLICE WERE COMPLETELY BAFFLED AND ANGRY
THAT A COMRADE-AT-ARMS HAD THUS BEEN DISPOSED
OF—ON ONE OF THE BLOCKS COVERED BY
DETECTIVE MULDOON WAS A JAPANESE TOURIST
AGENCY, IN THE WINDOW OF WHICH WERE FANCIFUL
POSTERS DESCRIBING THE BEAUTIES OF THE ISLE OF
NIPPON—DALGREN PACED ABOUT THAT BLOCK—

THE LITTLE
GUY SEEMS
HOMESICK—

THAT'S NOT
THE SAME SIGN
THAT WAS THERE
YESTERDAY—VERY
INTERESTING

HE HAD NOT WATCHED LONG WHEN HE NOTED A
LITTLE JAP GAZING IN THE WINDOW OF THE
TOURIST AGENCY—HE WAS LOOKING AT A SIGN
PRINTED IN JAPANESE CHARACTERS—AFTER THE
SMALL ORIENTAL LEFT DALGREN EXAMINED THE
SIGN THOUGH HE COULDN'T READ IT—

THE SIGN, BING, MERELY
SAYS, "TO ALL JAPANESE
OPERATIVES: REPORT TO
TOKYO—DATE TO BE
FORWARDED AND SIGNED
"MOJAI"—

WHAT!!

NEXT DAY THE FAMOUS NEWSPAPERMAN WATCHED
THE AGENCY WINDOW AGAIN—AT PRECISELY
THE SAME TIME OF DAY THE SAME JAP APPEARED
AGAIN AND FEERED AT THE SIGN AGAIN—
DALGREN STUDIED THE SIGN AND WITH
HIS TRAINED EYES DISCOVERED THAT THE
PRINTED CHARACTERS WERE DIFFERENT—PLUS
A RED SMUDGE ON A LOWER CORNER—
THAT WASN'T ON YESTERDAY'S SIGN—

THAT NIGHT BING SOUGHT A FRIEND OF HIS,
A TEACHER OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES,
WHO TRANSLATED THE MESSAGE ON
THE SIGN—

THE THIRD DAY WHEN THE LITTLE JAP APPEARED
DALGREN TAILED HIM—COULD THE DEATH OF
MULDOON BE TRACED THROUGH THIS SIMPLE DEVICE?

YES, THERE'S
TWO JAP SERVANTS
WORKING FOR THE
TENNEYS - THEY LIVE IN
THE APARTMENT BUT GO OUT
EVERY NIGHT
AT 9 -



FOLLOWING THE JAP, DALGREN WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE THE ORIENTAL ENTER THE SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING IN WHICH ADINA C. TENNEY LIVED - THROUGH THE UNIFORMED DOORMAN (FOR THE PRICE OF \$ 5.00) BING LEARNED ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACT -

NEXT EVENING AT 9 O'CLOCK DALGREN TAILED TWO JAPS FROM THE TENNEY APARTMENT BUILDING TO AN OFFICE BUILDING - THE JAPS, LIKE OTHER TENANTS, HAD TO SIGN IN AT THE OFFICE BUILDING AFTER 7 P.M. - THEY REGISTERED AS GOING TO ROOM 1817 WHICH BING LEARNED WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE STRUCTURE - DALGREN HASTENED ACROSS THE STREET TO A BUILDING OPPOSITE -



SHOWING HIS NEWSPAPER CARD HE WAS ADMITTED TO A VACANT OFFICE FACING THE ONE THE JAPS OCCUPIED - WHAT HE OBSERVED THERE, THROUGH HIS POWERFUL BINOCULARS MADE EVEN THIS HARDENED NEWSMAN GASP - HE SAW FOUR JAPS WORKING ON MODELS OF BRIDGES - THESE MINIATURE SPANS RESEMBLED NY CITY BRIDGES AND ONE VERY MUCH LIKE THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -



CERTAINLY THIS WASN'T A HOBBY - SATISFIED THAT THEY WERE JAPANESE SABOTEURS DALGREN RACED BACK TO THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE AND CONSULTED WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR -



NEXT DAY AT BING'S DIRECTION A TRUSTED TIMES-NEWS CAMERAMAN PHOTOGRAPHED THE SIGN IN THE TOURIST AGENCY - DALGREN'S LANGUAGE INSTRUCTOR FRIEND TRANSLATED THE MESSAGE - IT ELECTRIFIED THE NOTED REPORTER -



WITHOUT ANY LUGGAGE DALGREN DASHED TO THE RAILWAY STATION TO CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN TO WASHINGTON - ON THAT TRAIN WERE THE TWO JAPS DALGREN HAD "TAILED" TO THE OFFICE BUILDING - ONE HELD A BRIEFCASE SECURELY ON HIS LAP - WHAT IT CONTAINED, IN DALGREN'S OPINION, WOULD BE OF NO HELP TO THIS COUNTRY -



IN WASHINGTON DALGREN FOLLOWED THEM TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY. AN HOUR LATER, OF ALL PLACES, THEY ENTERED THE GERMAN EMBASSY. WITHOUT SLEEP DALGREN KEPT HIS VIGIL ALL NIGHT—WHEN THE JAPS LEFT THE GERMAN EMBASSY NEXT MORNING BING FOLLOWED THEM BACK TO NEW YORK BY TRAIN—

HERE WAS EVEN A BIGGER STORY THAN THE MURDER OF MIKE MULDOON—WAS THERE A CONNECTION HERE? DALGREN HAD A HUNCH THERE WAS—MULDOON'S TERRITORY TOOK HIM OVER TO THE RIVER FRONT ON THE EAST SIDE—it would have been easy to kill him there and toss his body over the river wall—and a long, broad Japanese sword could have gone clear through him—DALGREN VISUALIZED IT—



HE NOW DECIDED TO GO TO THE JAPANESE TOURIST AGENCY FOR TRAVEL INFORMATION—ALMOST AS HE ENTERED FATE—SOMETIMES KIND TO NEWSPAPERMEN—GAVE HIM A TERRIFIC BREAK—THE MANAGER WAS ON THE TELEPHONE—WHAT HE HEARD MADE DALGREN START—



THE WEALTHY TENNEYS WERE GOING TO VISIT JAPAN—in the meantime their apartment would be occupied by enemy aliens—those innocent travellers should be told—then Bing had a sudden inspiration—



HE LOOKED UP MRS. TENNEY'S MAIDEN NAME—it was MARIA SCHOENHORST—she was born in LEIPZIG, GERMANY, the heir of an enormous brewing fortune—could that fact be related to the visit of the Japanese to the German Embassy?



TO YOUR NEW PLACE, MRS. TENNEY? THEN HERES A TOAST—

THAT AFTERNOON AT 5 DALGREN ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED IN FOR A COCKTAIL WITH THE TENNEYS—WHAT MRS. TENNEY TOLD HIM DIDN'T MAKE SENSE TO THE BRAINY REPORTER—

YOU KNOW OUR SERVANTS ISHO AND SHUZO ARE GOING HOME FOR A VACATION—THEY'VE BEEN SO FAITHFUL—

NICE—



THAT IS, NOT UNTIL MRS. TENNEY REMARKED THAT TWO OF HER JAPANESE SERVANTS WERE GOING HOME TO JAPAN FOR A BRIEF VISIT ON OCT. 15TH

YOU SAY YOU HAVE ALL THE IMPORTANT TRANSPORTATION LINES AND TERMINALS PHOTOGRAPHED. MARIA?

PLENTY BRIDGE MODELS, TOO, PLEASE—



MRS. TENNEY EXPLAINED THAT SHE EXPECTED TO VISIT HER COUSIN, THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE SECRETARIES OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON—MR. TENNEY WAS GOING, TOO—ANOTHER PICTURE SPRANG INTO DALGREN'S VISION—

-AND SO I BELIEVE THOSE JAPS ARE PLAIN OUT-AND-OUT SPIES!

WHY, MR. DALGREN!!



THE NEXT NIGHT DALGREN MADE ANOTHER UNEXPECTED CALL ON THE TENNEYS—HE TOLD THEM OF HIS SUSPICIONS OF THE JAPANESE AND OF HIS DISCOVERY OF THEIR OFFICE AND THE MODELS—TENNEY WAS AMUSED. MRS. TENNEY'S FACE TURNED WHITE—



SHE, HERSELF, WAS AN AVID COLLECTOR OF ORIENTAL ITEMS—DALGREN EXAMINED THE COLLECTION CAREFULLY—AMONG THE OBJECTS WERE JAPANESE ANTIQUE BROAD SWORDS—

BOY, RUSH THIS TAB TO THE COMPOSING ROOM!

YES, MR. DALGREN!



THAT HE WAS IN A HOTBED OF INTRIGUE DALGREN HAD NO DOUBT—TWO HOURS LATER DALGREN WAS WRITING ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL NEWS STORIES EVER TO HIT THE FRONT PAGE—IT WAS SET UP AND MADE READY UNTIL BING GAVE THE WORD—



IS IT POSSIBLE, MRS. TENNEY, THAT THEY—

THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE FOYER, THE JAPANESE SERVANTS RACED BREATHLESSLY. DALGREN WAS SURE THEY WOULD—

YOU PUP!
INSULTING MY
WIFE—LEAVE
THIS PLACE!

AN OFFICER OF
THE JAPANESE
IMPERIAL NAVY—

HERE'S A
FLOCK OF CODE
STUFF, TOM—THEY'RE
NOT LOVE
LETTERS—

WHEN DALGREN ASKED MRS. TENNEY
IF SHE KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT ALL
THIS HER HUSBAND STRUCK AT THE
REPORTER AND ORDERED HIM FROM
THE APARTMENT—

MADAME, I'M FORCED
TO ASK YOU TO ACCOMPANY
US TO OUR
OFFICE—

DALGREN OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR IN THE
FOYER AND THREE FEDERAL MEN STEPPED IN—
THESE OFFICERS SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF
THE APARTMENT WITH ASTOUNDING RESULTS—
GERMAN AND JAPANESE MESSAGES IN SECRET
CODE WERE FOUND—IN A TRUNK ONE OFFICER
CAME UPON TWO JAPANESE NAVY UNIFORMS
BEARING THE INSIGNE OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDER—

MRS. TENNEY WAS ACCUSED
OF CONSPIRACY AS A GERMAN
SPY AND IMMEDIATELY
ARRESTED—

GENTLEMEN, I FOUND HUMAN
BLOOD ON THIS SWORD
CORRESPONDING WITH THAT
OF DETECTIVE MULDOON
AND FINGERPRINTS SIMILAR
TO THE JAP KNOWN AS
SHUZO—

OTHER OFFICERS OUTSIDE HAD ALREADY GATHERED IN
THE TWO JAPS WHO HAD TRIED TO ESCAPE—OTHER OPER-
ATIVES STOOD GUARD OVER THE BRIDGE MODELS IN
THE JAPS' OFFICE—THESE WERE BRIDGES MARKED FOR
DESTRUCTION—



FINGERPRINTS WERE FOUND ON ONE OF THE BROAD-
SWORDS AND STAINS OF BLOOD NOT COMPLETELY ERASED—
THE JAPS WERE CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF
DETECTIVE MULDOON, WHOM THEY FEARED WAS SUS-
PICIOUS OF THEM—THEY WERE EXECUTED—MARIA
SCHOENHORST WAS SENT TO POISON—HER
INNOCENT HUSBAND WAS EXONERATED—

WHEN I WAS ABSOLUTELY SURE OF
MY STORY I NOTIFIED THE FEDERAL
MEN TO STAND BY—I KNEW THOSE
JAPS WOULD HEAR ME WHEN I MENTIONED
THEM TO MRS. TENNEY—I KNEW TOO, THEY
WOULD BEAT IT IN ORDER TO
DESTROY THEIR MODELS—THE OFFICERS
WERE OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT
DOOR READY TO GRAB 'EM—

DALGREN, THE MASTER REPORTER—DETECTIVE,
HAD SCOOPED THE CITY—ONE NIGHT
HE MODESTLY RECOUNTED SOME OF
THE INCIDENTS—

THORNDYKE FISHERS

inner circle

THE
STAIN
THAT
SPOKE!

It was rather an open secret among the members of the Inner Circle that Chick had somehow been transferred from the Air Corps to G-2. Not only that, most of them had put two and two together and wound up with five, in the shape of thinking that Nick Carter had probably had something to do with it.

They all, therefore, were chary of mentioning any of their deductions to either Nick or Chick. They just pretended that everything was as it had been before and that Chick was on some kind of detached service.

They were all most surprised, then, when at the monthly meeting of the Inner Circle, Nick got to his feet, cleared his throat and said, "Members, you've probably been wondering about how come Chick is spending so much of his time in these parts. Well, the need for secrecy is just about over. I had him transferred because frankly, we, that is G-2 and my humble self, were pretty puzzled about something.

"A lot of the work that Chick's been doing must necessarily remain *sotto-voce* till long after the war. There is one case in which his aid was invaluable though, which

I can give you a rather censored version of... It started while Chick was in the Air Force...

"It had to do with a very worrisome group of saboteurs and I can tell you that every man in G-2 sleeps better because of the capture of this band of men! The fact that they and I can sleep better, is primarily because of Chick's help!"

Chick was blushing. He raised a restraining hand and said, "Aw Nick, lay off, spare me my blushes! If I hadn't spotted that clue someone else would've."

Nick said, "Pish tush," and went on as though there had been no interruption, "You've all heard of the damage that a saboteur can do with an explosive concealed in a fountain pen or pencil?"

The members knew of these dastardly weapons and nodded in unison.

"Well, this is the first case I ever heard of, where a *normal* fountain pen resulted in the death sentence for a saboteur!"

Nick took a gulp of water and said, "This is dry work;" then continued with his story. "The crux of the case was this. A man, an old man, a dangerous, cranky, intelligent old man, was, we thought, the

brains behind this saboteur ring. We were never able to pin a thing on him, as far as sabotage was concerned. We did feel though, that he was concerned in the death of one of our agents.

"Believe me when I say that we would have been more than happy to jail him on any charge, even speeding through a red light. We had to get him out of the way in order to go to work on his ring. There was no doubt in our minds and later events proved us right, that as far as brains were concerned he was the works. Deprive the ring of his mind and we were sure the others would fall right into our hands.



"The murder of which we suspected him was a vicious one. We had a witness ready to swear that the old man that we wanted was the murderer. The only thing wrong was that he had a perfect alibi. Not only did he have an alibi for the time of the killing, but there was no way that he could have travelled from town . . . Let's call it A, to town B! The time sequence was all wrong. The dead member of G-2 was shot at 9:30 P.M. And at that time the old man was in another town 100 miles away with some very respectable townspeople as his guests!

"It was Chick who suggested that perhaps the old man had hocused the clock in the room. We went on that assumption. Let's say we were a half hour out of the way . . . How could the old man have travelled the distance in a half hour killed our man and then gotten back to his own town in time for his alibi?

"The only thing that occurred to us was a plane. But the old man swore he'd never been on a plane. We checked with all the planes, commercial and free lance that had been near either town on the fatal night and found . . . that no one even remotely resembling the old man had been on any plane. Now bear in mind that all our investigations were necessarily brief. I don't think it was more than two hours after our man was murdered that we had the old man in custody. We sent out our inquiries right from the room where we felt sure the old man had committed murder.

"By four o'clock in the morning we had reached an impasse. The old man sat there as he had from the moment we took him into custody, perfectly relaxed, almost unmoving, old fashioned coat buttoned up almost to his collar and grinned evilly at us.

"Occasionally, he'd sneer at us. 'Well, dummkopfs, why don't you do something?' Somehow that rankled badly! As a matter of fact, it burned us all up."

"I'll say it did," said Chick, "I think that was what supplied the needed spur to my lazy brain. My contribution to the night's gayety was just a thousand-to-one chance. It happened to be something that Nick didn't know."

"Didn't know? I never even heard of it before!" Nick shook his head in annoyance. "However . . . Here was this rotten old man, whom we knew in our heart of hearts had done murder a hundred times over and not a speck of proof did we have! Suddenly and it was the most startling thing I think I have ever seen, Chick leaped across the room and heaved the old man to his feet by grabbing him by the lapels. He shook the old man the way a dog does a rat and said, 'So you have not been in an airplane tonight, eh?' The old man shook his head no. The sneer was still on his face. But the sneer vanished when Chick still holding

him by the lapels, ripped his coat open.

"There, all over the old man's vest was a stain . . ." Nick paused dramatically and Beef rose to the bait. "Was it . . . blood?" Beef asked with bated breath.

Nick shook his head. "No indeed, not unless the old man was a real blue blood, for the stain that spread all over his vest was sky blue!"



The members of the Inner Circle all looked stunned. Of all the improbable things they must have guessed in their wildest dreams, a blue stain was the last thing any of them would have thought of.

"Not only was it a bright blue stain, it was that stain that sent the old man to his well earned death! To continue . . . Chick pointed to the stain and sneered a sneer at the old man that made all the old man's sneers look like amateur efforts and said, 'So . . . you have never been in a plane! I can well believe that you have never been in a plane before tonight, but that is evidence that you did fly tonight!'

"The old man gasped like a fish out of water and sputtered 'Wh. . . what are you t. . . t. . . talking about?'" Nick paused, smiled and then pointed to Chick.

"Carry on from here, Chick. You can tell this part better than I can!"

"Well, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ." Chick smiled then said, "The only thing was this . . . I knew that a plane did things to a fountain pen!

"The stain that spread all over his vest proved . . . to me, at any rate that I was right. I accused him then and there of shooting our man, flying back to his prepared alibi and then . . . before I could go on, he was on his feet with a gun pointed at my stomach. Without thinking, as a result of my Army training I suppose, I brought the edge of my hand down on his wrist. The gun fell to the floor and he howled as though I had broken his wrist."

"You almost did!" chuckled Nick.

Chick went on, "If the old man had ever



travelled on a plane before he committed his 'perfect' crime he'd have known that altitudes above about five thousand feet, act on the rubber sac of a pen. As the atmosphere gets lighter the heavier air within the pen pushes the ink out.

"That was what had happened to him. It was perfect evidence you see, because a microscopic test of the pen would have shown that it was in perfect working order, therefore the only thing that could have done it was the plane trip!"

IN YOUR HAT!

OUT OF THE SPRAWLING MASS OF PAIN AND HORROR THAT IS WAR, HAVE APPEARED MANY FANTASTIC INVENTIONS. THE ONE THAT IS MOST LIKELY TO AFFECT YOU AND YOURS IS THE AMAZING PERSON TO PERSON RADIO SET THAT IS CALLED THE WALKIE-TALKIE!



I BETTER CALL FOR THAT PLANE AND HAVE HIM PICK ME UP! HELLO, HELLO...

GO AHEAD...

YES DEAR,
NO DEAR,

RIDICULOUS? VISIONARY? WELL THAT VERY IDEA OF BEING ABLE TO CALL YOUR DOCTOR ON HIS OWN RADIO WAVE LENGTH COMES FROM A LENGTHY REPORT OF THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION! WHAT'S MORE...

YES, THE F.C.C. FORESEES THAT RURAL COMMUNITIES, ISOLATED WORKERS LIKE FARMERS, OIL WELL DIGGERS AND TRAPPERS WILL HAVE THEIR OWN SENDING SETS! AND THAT'S ONLY FIVE YEARS AHEAD! BUT IN 1967...

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU DON'T FORGET. I'LL CALL YOU IN TEN MINUTES. AFTER YOU GET TO THE STORE, NOW REMEMBER, FIVE YARDS OF BABY BLUE RIBBON...

OF COURSE MY LOVE.
NO, MY LOVE,
I WON'T FORGET.

IT'S ALL A QUESTION OF MICRO-WAVES-RADIO WAVES SO SHORT AS TO MAKE MILLIONS OF WAVE LENGTHS AVAILABLE FOR USE INSTEAD OF THE LIMITED PRESENT NUMBER!

ALL THAT IS REQUIRED IS THAT EACH OF US HAVE OUR OWN WAVE LENGTH AND THAT IS TRULY JUST AROUND THE CORNER!!

PERSON TO PERSON,
SENDING AND RECEIVING
SETS... AND THAT, IN 25 YEARS,
ARE PROMISED BY A MAN
WHO SHOULD KNOW!
R.R. BEAL, DIRECTOR
OF RESEARCH, FORRCA!

NICK CARTER AND THE BUILDING BLOCK BUNGLE!



HERE IS A CURIOUS PUZZLE INDEED!
A DYING MANS MESSAGE, LAID OUT
FOR THE WORLD TO SEE. A MESSAGE
THAT WILL SEND A RUTHLESS KILLER
TO THE ROPE--AND NO ONE CAN READ
THE MESSAGE BUT--NICK CARTER!
MATCH WITS WITH THE MASTER MAN-
HUNTER AND SEE IF YOU CAN BEAT HIM
TO THE SOLUTION OF THIS KILL QUIZ!

THE
SNEAKING...
KILLER...
I'LL GET----FOR THIS
WITH MY LAST BREATH...
THE BLOCKS--I'LL NAME
MY KILLER...



A FLEETING SHADOW--AMOANED GROAN AND...
DEATH STALKS ON SILENT FEET!



TED R-ASBURY
BETTY GOLDEN
TOM AND DICK DENNY
JIM D'ANGELO
VIC TORRIO AND
LOUIS GATSO





LATER...





RELAX, MY DEAR, I DIDN'T SAY YOU DID IT! I'M JUST TRYING TO TEACH OUR DEMON REPORTER A LESSON! NOW THEN, WITH THESE SAME BLOCKS WE CAN SPELL OUT...

TARS, BUT THAT MEANS SAILORS! WE DIDN'T DO IT! GEE, WHY DIDN'T WE TELL THE TRUTH, MR. CARTER. WHEN WE WENT IN TO SEE VERDI HE WAS ALREADY DEAD! WE DIDN'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED SO WE JUST TURNED AROUND AND WALKED OUT!

WE CAN SPELL OUT TARS!

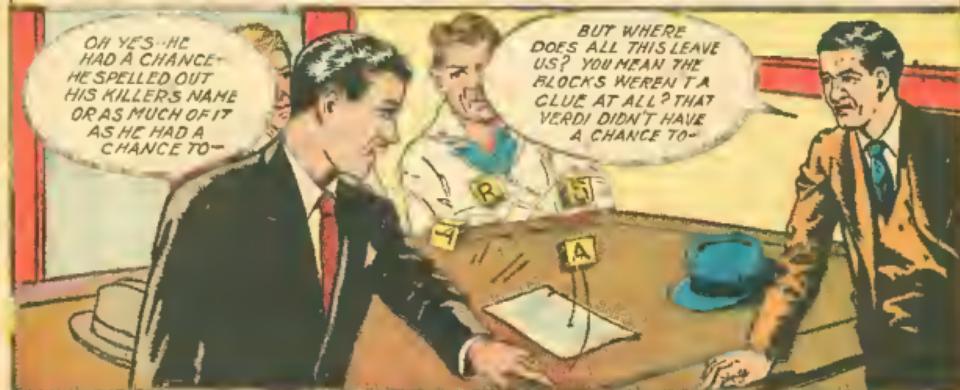
LET'S NOT RUSH THIS, LOOK...

WELL, ILL BE DARNED! I NEVER THOUGHT OF ALL THIS WHEN I ACCUSED TORRIO AND GATSO ALTHO' I STILL THINK THEY'RE THE RATS WHO DID IT!

NOW WE GOT THE TRUTH OUT OF ALL OF YOU. WHEN YOU FIRST TESTIFIED, YOU ALL SAID THAT VERDI WAS ALIVE WHEN YOU LEFT HIM. ASBURY SAW HIM FIRST, THEN BETTY, THEN THE GANGSTERS, THEN THE ARTIST, THEN THE SAILORS.

OH YES, HE HAD A CHANCE. HE SPelled OUT HIS KILLERS NAME OR AS MUCH OF IT AS HE HAD A CHANCE TO.

BUT WHERE DOES ALL THIS LEAVE US? YOU MEAN THE BLOCKS WEREN'T A CLUE AT ALL? THAT VERDI DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO...









AIR ACE
THE MODERN MAGAZINE
for
MODERN BOYS AND GIRLS

A NEW TYPE
ENTERTAINMENT
SCIENCE MAGAZINE
IT'S THRILLING!
NOW ON SALE

CHICK CARTER

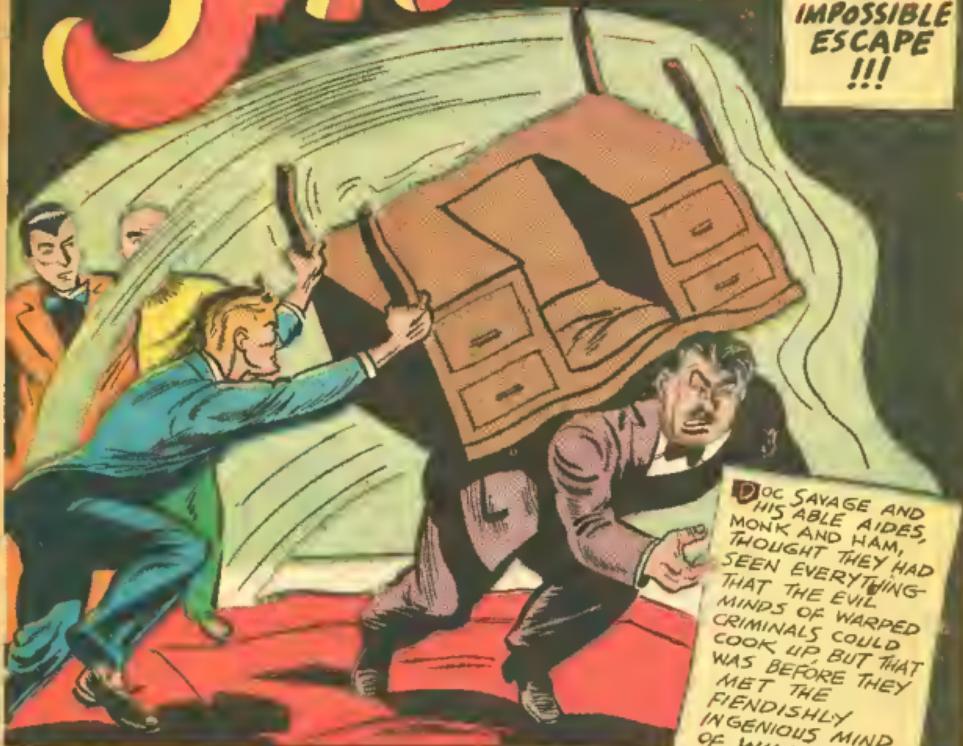
The adventurous son of NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE, is heard over the following Mutual radio stations every day Monday through Friday. Consult your local paper for the time.

Aberdeen, S. D.	KABR	Laredo, Tex.	KPAB
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Albert Lea, Minn.	KATE	Marshalltown, Ia.	KJJB
Appleton, Wisc.	WHBY	Miami, Fla.	WFTL
Ashland, Wisc.	WATW	Minat, N. D.	KLPM
Auburn, N. Y.	WMBO	Maurehead, Minn.	KVOX
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Dublin, Ga.	WMLT	Rock Springs, Wyo.	KVRS
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Fall River, Mass.	WSAR	Salina, Kansas	KSAL
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Fergus Falls, Minn.	KGDE	Selma, Ala.	WHBB
Fond du Lac, Wisc.	KFIZ	Sheboygan, Wisc.	KRRV
Fort Dodge, Ia.	KVFD	Sherman, Tex.	KTRI
Fremont, Neb.	KORN	Sioux City, Iowa	KICD
Gadsden, Ala.	WJBY	Spencer, Iowa	WSTV
Gainesville, Ga	WGGA	Steubenville, Ohio	WTAL
Garden City, Kansas	KIUL	Tallahassee, Fla.	WRLC
Goldsboro, N. C.	WGBR	Toccoa, Ga.	WTCM
Grand Junction, Colo.	KFXJ	Traverse City, Mich.	KTNM
Greenville, N. C.	WGTC	Tucumcari, N. Mex.	KGKB
Hot Springs, Ark.	KWFC	Tyler, Tex.	KGOV
Houston, Tex.	KTHT	Voldosta, Ga.	KOYC
Huntsville, Ala.	WBHP	Volley City, N. D.	KVWC
Indianapolis, Ind.	WIBC	Vernon, Tex.	WAQV
Ironwood, Mich.	WJMS	Vincennes, Ind.	WRRN
Jacksonville, Fla.	WPDQ	Warren, Ohio	WOL
Jamestown, N. D.	KSJB	Washington, D. C.	WATN
Jefferson City, Mo.	KWOS	Watertown, N. Y.	WAYX
Kingston, N. Y.	WKNY	Waycross, Ga.	WAAB
La Grange, Ga.	WLAG	Worcester, Mass.	

AND MANY OTHER STATIONS

doc SAVAGE in

THE
IMPOSSIBLE
ESCAPE
!!!



CONFERENCE FOR A CARNIVAL OF CRIME!

DOC SAVAGE AND HIS ABLE AIDES, MONK AND HAM, THOUGHT THEY HAD SEEN EVERYTHING. THAT THE EVIL MINDS OF warped CRIMINALS COULD COOK UP, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THEY MET THE FIENDISHLY INGENIOUS MIND OF WILL E. KILZ...!

GENTLEMEN, YOU ALL KNOW WHY WE ARE MET IN CONCLAVS. WE, THE CRIME LEADERS OF THIS CITY, ARE ALL SET TO TAKE OVER THE PLACE. BEFORE WE DO, THERE IS ONE ITEM ON THE AGENDA!



ALL CRIMINALS, BEFORE US
AND PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED,
HAVE COME TO GRIEF BECAUSE
OF THE PRYING MIND OF
ONE MAN!

YEAH!
DOC
SAYAGE!

YES, THESE OTHER SHORT-LIVED
CRIMINALS ALL WENT TO WORK AND
THEN IN THE COURSE OF THEIR WORK
RAN HEAD-ON INTO DOC AND
HIS MEN! WE'RE NOT GOING
TO DO THAT! I PROPOSE
THAT BEFORE ANYTHING
ELSE... BEFORE WE
COMMIT A CRIME, WE
GET RID OF DOC!

I SUGGEST THAT
WE GET TOGETHER
A REWARD. THE ONE
AMONGST US WHO
CAPTURES THIS MENACE
TO OUR HAPPINESS
WILL COLLECT THE
BOODLE! AGREED?

HERE'S
MY
DOUGH!

COUNT
ME
IN!

SUDDENLY
THROUGHOUT
THE UNDER-
WORLD APPEAR

DIDJA
SEE THIS?

WOW! I'D
LIKE A HUNK
OF THAT
DOUGH!
COME ON...



WITH NO
KNOWLEDGE
OF ALL THIS
DOC SENDS
MONK...

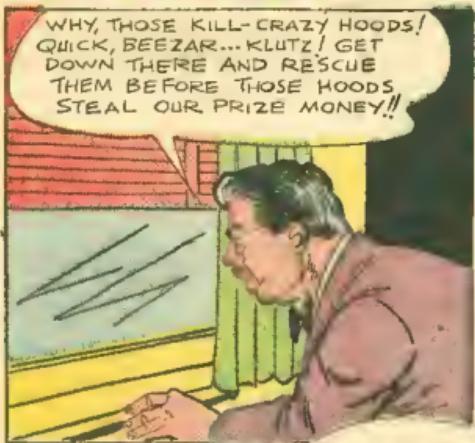
BUT WILL E.
KILZ HAS
OTHER IDEAS...

EVERY DOUGH
HUNGRY CROOK IN TOWN
IS OUT AFTER THE REWARD.
BUT THIS WHOLE THING WAS *MY*
IDEA, SO I WANT THE BOODLE!
HERE'S MY PLAN... I WANT THEM
CAPTURED ALIVE SO AS TO BE
ABLE TO SHOW THE OTHER
MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE
BOARD OF CRIME. NOW... ALL
YOU DO IS... SPSPSPSPSSS...

RIGHT.
SEE
YOU
LATER

THAT'S ALL THERE IS
TO IT. THE STORE HAS
THE NAIL POLISH ALL
READY FOR YOU. I
WANT TO ANALYZE IT
IN CONNECTION WITH
THIS KILLING THAT'S
IN THE PAPERS





NOW THAT WE'VE
GOTTEN YOU AWAY
FROM THOSE
RUFFIANS WILL
YOU STEP IN
HERE, PLEASE?

AS THEY ENTER... THE DOOR
SLAMS SHUT AND THEY HEAR
THE CLANK OF A BOLT
FALLING INTO PLACE!

I CAN
ANSWER
THAT.
I'M AFRAID!

WHO
SAID
THAT?

THE VOICE
CAME FROM
THE DESK!

IT'S A CLEAN SWEEP
OF THE DOC SAVAGE
ORGANIZATION! THERE'S A
PRICE ON OUR HEADS AND
THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD IS
OUT TO COLLECT IT! THAT'S
WHY HE BROUGHT YOU TWO
HERE! HE WANTS TO SHOW US
TO THE OTHER CROOKS
BEFORE HE KILLS US!

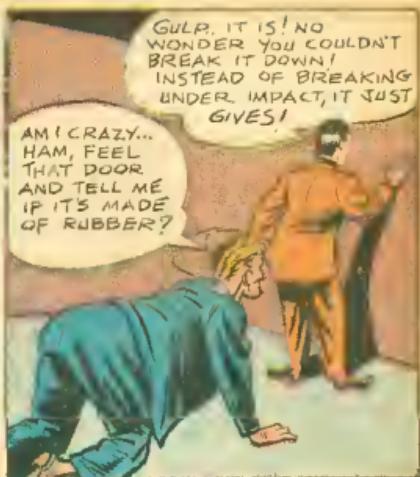
HMM... WE'VE BEEN IN
MUCH TOUGHER SPOTS
THAN THIS! WE'LL BE ABLE
TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH
NO TROUBLE... I'LL TRY THE
DOOR FIRST!

WE BETTER HURRY;
KILLZ SAID THAT
HE'D CALL A
MEETING AS SOON
AS HE HAD ALL OF
US! THAT MEETING
MEANS OUR END!

BUT, THIS DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE! WHY
HE SAVE US FRO
THOSE BULLETS
IF HE WAS
GOING TO...

MONK! THEY
GOT YOU,
TOO!

I'VE YET TO
SEE A DOOR.
I COULDN'T
KNOCK OFF
THE HINGES
THIS WAY!



NOT A KNIFE AMONGST US... NOT A NAIL FILE! WHY DIDN'T I BUY A NAIL FILE INSTEAD OF NAIL POLISH?

WELL... I DON'T LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT I THINK WE'RE SUNK!



AH, YES... I HAD CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY THAT YOU WOULD FEEL THAT WAY! I HAVE THEM UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN A ROOM FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE! I HAD A SPECIAL ALL-RUBBER ROOM CONSTRUCTED! COME... THISLL DELIGHT YOUR EYES!



ONLY DOC'S SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE CAN SAVE THEM NOW...

ALL WE NEED IS A SMALL HOLE... GIVEN THAT, THE RUBBER WILL TEAR...



MEANWHILE...

WE HAVE WORKED FAST. THE REWARD SPURRED ALL OF US ON. I AM HAPPY TO SAY THAT I AM THE ONE TO GET THE REWARD!



THERE AINT GONNA BE NO PAY-OFF, TILL I SEE THEIR BODIES! I WANNA BE SURE!





Flatty Foote

in
DOUBLE TROUBLE

AHA - LITTLE DOES THE IMBECILE KNOW WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR HIM! THIS WILL BE THE PERFECT CRIME OR MY NAME ISN'T FATTY HEAD!

LAST MONTH, YOU WILL REMEMBER, THE OWNER OF A BOWLING ALLEY FATTY HEAD BY NAME, NOTICED THAT THERE WAS A STRONG RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN HIM AND OUR DAUNTLESS HERO, FLATTY FOOTE. A FOUL PLOT IS SET IN MOTION TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS ACCIDENTAL RESEMBLANCE! CAN EVEN OUR HERO OVERCOME THE FOUL MACHINATIONS OF THIS DASTARD?

THE FIRST STEP IN
A FIENDISH PLAN!

THINGS HAVE BEEN AWFULLY
QUIET LATELY...

YES, ISN'T IT
WONDERFUL?
IT'S ALMOST AS
IF CRIME WAS
TAKING A
HOLIDAY!

WONDERFUL? IT'S HORRIBLE!
THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR ME
TO APPLY MY DEDUCTIVE
GENIUS TO CRIME
DETECTION - AH - IF
ONLY THERE WERE SOME
NICE IMPOSSIBLE
CRIME TO SOLVE -

SOME TIMES
PETER PRANCE
GIVES
ME A
SWIFT
PAIN IN
THE
EPIGLOTTIS!

BAH - THERE TALKS THE
PROFESSIONAL, THE BORED
COP - BUT FOR ME THE
TALENTED AMATEUR, LIFE
IS DULL WITHOUT CRIME!

GOT
HIM!

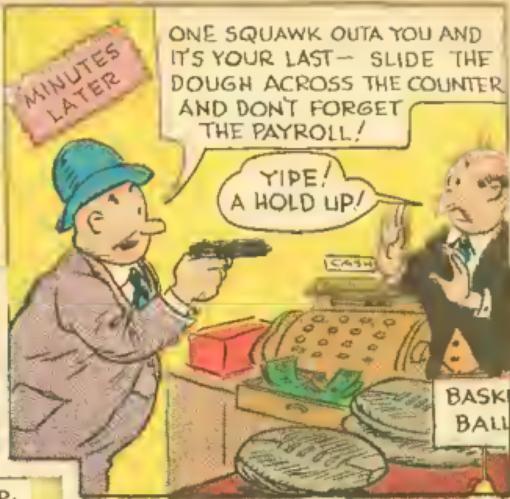
YOU THE ORDINARY POLICE DETECTIVE DON'T
GET THE SHEER INTELLECTUAL PLEASURE
OUT OF CRIMES, THAT I DO, NOW, YOU
NEVER FIND ANY CRIMES
GOING ON UNDER
MY NOSE!

HEH! NOW - DOWN
THE CELLAR, MY
BONE-HEADED
ONE AND THEN,
THE PERFECT CRIME!

WELL, DON'T
SULK! YOU
KNOW VERY
WELL THAT -
AWK -
FLATTY!
FLATTY!

WHERE
IS HE?

I CAN'T SAY THAT I LIKE THE COP'S CHOICE OF CLOTHES—
BUT NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES! HEH—
THE NEXT STEP—



CURSES ON THE LUCK THE ONE MAN THAT CAN TELL THAT I'M NOT FLATTY FOOTE! BUT WAIT—I'LL STASH THE DOUGH AND—

FLATTY! SO HERE YOU ARE! WHAT HAPPENED? I THOUGHT I SAW YOU COME IN HERE. SAY ARE YOU ON THE TRACK OF SOME CRIME? ARE YOU TRYING TO KEEP ME OFF A CASE?



HERE WHAT IS IT? I'M PETER PRANCE AND THIS GENTLEMAN IS DETECTIVE FOOTE! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

YAWP - THAT MAN IS A DETECTIVE? WHY HE'S THE ONE!

YOU - YOU JUST HELD ME UP!

ME? COME, COME, YOU ARE OVER EXCITED MAYHAP! I AM AN OFFICER OF THE LAW! NOW WOULDNT IT BE SILLY FOR ME TO HOLD YOU UP?

A PERFECT CHANCE FOR ME TO SHOW UP FLATTY'S STUPIDITY! SINCE, OBVIOUSLY HE CAN'T BE THE THIEF, THE CASHIER WHO IS WRONGLY ACCUSING HIM, IS THE REAL CROOK! HO HO - FLATTY WILL BE SO UPSET WHEN I SOLVE THIS FIRST!

IT'S NO USE! IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS TO MY SUPER-KEEN ANALYTICAL BRAIN THAT YOU ARE THE THIEF! YOU MAY AS WELL CONFESS!

HOW'M I GONNA GET THE LOOT OUTA HERE---- HMM-----

MEANWHILE

GOODNESS. I'M GLAD I BRUSH MY TEETH TWICE A DAY THAT'S THE ONLY REASON, I'M SURE, WHY THEY'RE STRONG ENOUGH FOR THIS - WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO ME? I BETTER GET A MOVE ON AND FIND OUT!

MY GOODNESS, THERE'S PETER PRANCE IN THAT STORE MAYBE HE HAS SOME CLUE AS TO, WHAT HAPPENED!

FLATTY! WILL YOU HELP ME HERE? THIS MAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE ARRESTED! - FLATTY! IF THAT ISN'T JUST LIKE YOU PLAYING WITH A BALL AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



WHY THE DIRTY - HE'S PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS ME! SO THAT'S WHY HE SWITCHED CLOTHES WITH ME! I'LL --- NO WAIT --- HE HAS MY GUN...

REALLY FLATTY, CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT THIS MAN HAS ACCUSED YOU OF A CRIME I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE 'A LITTLE' -----

FLATTY! LOOK OUT! THERE IS AN IMPOSTER AND HE'S TRYING TO BRAIN YOU WITH A DUMB-BELL!

WHA....

I TOLD YOU HE HELD ME UP! HOW WAS I TO KNOW SOMEONE WAS MASQUERADEING AS A DETECTIVE! WHICH IS WHICH?

GULP.. I DON'T KNOW!

WHY, I AM! I'M FLATTY FOOTE!

THERE THAT PROVES IT! ONLY THE REAL FLATTY WOULD BE DOPEY ENOUGH TO CHASE A BASKET BALL AT SUCH A TIME!

HEY, YOU GOT THAT ALL WRONG, I'M FLATTY FOOTE! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

NO TWO WAYS
ABOUT IT, I'VE
GOT TO CATCH
HIM TO PROVE
I'M ME!

MY BEAUTIFUL PLAN
ALL LOUSED UP....
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
SO NICE TO HAVE
FRAMED A COP, OH
WELL, YOU CAN'T
HAVE EVERYTHING!
IF I CAN GET AWAY
WITH THE LOOT--

NOT A BAD
OVERHAND IF
I DO SAY, IT
MYSELF!

PLAYING GAMES,
EH? HOW DO
YOU LIKE THIS,
PUMPKIN HEAD?

THERE'S
SOME GUYS
YOU JUST CAN'T
BE NICE TO!

AWK OW!

THERE, THAT
PROVES THAT
I'M NOT HIM,
I MEAN THAT
I'M ME, I MEAN
OH, DEAR...
WHAT DO I
MEAN?

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
REAL WAY
TO TELL
FINGER-
PRINTS!

ALL I KNOW
IS THAT I'M
FLATTY FOOTE!

GEE - FLATTY, WHICHEVER ONE
YOU ARE - WELL KNOW AS SOON
AS THE FINGERPRINTS COME
DOWN!

OH FINE, A COP, ARRESTED
BY HIS BEST FRIEND! I'LL GET
EVEN FOR THIS HUMILIATION!

OH WILL YOU?
MY BONE HEADED
FRIEND WELL SEE
ABOUT THAT!
JUST WAIT UNTIL
NEXT MONTH

LATER



... How do yuh say

Cookies

made with



RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS